CLAY"

NOT A CRITIC EVEN

MENTIONED MARSE HENRY

"COMMON And Startling Discovery

is Made That the Real Hit of the Piece After All Is Marse Henry Watterson

VEN back in the days when John Ruskin was a cub to beginning to he pointed out that criticism of any art form, even if the new picture, statue, book or show were flivver, should be written only by critic who, figuratively speaking, wor kid gloves, dress clothes and silk stockings while writing. There was said Ruskin plaintively, too all fired much rough stuff, too little classy comment, about the current æsthetics of his day easing itself into print and getting by as criticism-or words to

that effect. J. R. had especially in mind some blurbs about the pictorial and plastic art of his day which he had read the night before after the 6 o'clock whistle had blown. What he said, however, might also be applied with marked ap propriateness then, and particularly to-day, to criticism of the drama. In fact the chief reason that dramatic criticism here and abroad doesn't have the rollers put under it for good and all right here in this paragraph is a proper realization—probably muffed by Ruskin-that after Lee or Jake or Mark or Abe or George & Sam (Inc.) or Arch or Edgar or Charley has just put another one over toward midnight the critics have too little time to dash off an æsthetie knockout for the next morning's papers.

It is partly because of this (sometimes) necessary incompleteness of the reviews of plays, but especially because of a realization that slow moving first night performances often drag into just this side of dawn, or until too late an hour to let the farthest Western and Southern readers of the earlier editions of the metropolitan dailles know little more than that the performance took place-it is chiefly with the laudable idea in mind of giving the out of town folks, who alone make Broadway runs possible, a dignified, unhurried notion of some of the shows they ought to give the once over when they pack up and skid toward Broadway's high spots that THE SUNDAY SUN purposes about once a week to wade into some tried and true theatrical outburst with a Pre-Raphaelite review and then leave the show flat.

The thing can be done in sentence shorter than the one just liberated or even in sentences shorter than J. R. wrote.

Take, for instance, "Common Clay



REVIEWED

the final curtain and the first post
The Millionaire and the Policeman's Decorations were Planned and De
It's the big photograph, almost life midnight toot of the newspaper train wife," et ceterah-rah. Wherefore, signed by Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the and Owen Davis's Nellie the Beautiful more constructive criticism, even if size, of Marse Henry Watterson, which for self-analysis sufficient to cause even though the movies have crowded Gown worn by Miss Cowl in the Epi-Cloak Model will look like a couple they have been playing here for Byron Ongley, who staged "Common him to see what it was that had so such efforts of Al Woods's younger logue was Created by Mme. Julie, Phy-of hussies by comparison.

has been playing to capacity business every night since August 26, 1915, and before Charley gramme at random one learns that the days before Charley Chaplin. Tom Edison and Miss Mary Pickford decided to combine and despend the first post. Which all goes to prove what was all feasing to capacity until at least the summer of the fact that it len't the play, the production, the play, the production, the play is of the fact that it len't the play, the production, the play is of the fact that it len't the play, the production of the play, the production of the programme was presenting in the days before Charley Chaplin. To begin with on opening the production of the decided to combine and destroy and and as it's an Al Woods was presenting the the family and as it's an Al Woods was present the family all the summer of the chart all possible of the decided to combine and destroy of the decided to combine and destroy the family all the summer of the play, the production, the play, the production, the play, the production, the play, the production, the production of the programme was a crook and the Belle of the the summer of the the the summer of the s

Secret of the Play's Success Revealed in Rapture With Which

RUSKIN

Ellen has got a job as housemaid in one of those single family residences in South Bend that swarm with liv-eried footmen, butlers, valets and chauffeurs pussyfooting it among drawing rooms decorated by Miss Elsie de Wolfe. Any one who knows South Bend, Aurora, Mishawaka or any other Indiana town will remember the kind of homes out there that Ellen picked out to begin to go straight in. She nailed the job, so Ellen tells early. by hurrying from jail to a local em-ployment agency, but she doesn't go into details about where she got her letters of recommendation. In jail, however, she probably had been an ace high member of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Mutual Welfare League, upon finishing her bit doubtless had gone forth with some snappy letters from the Forgers' Chapter of the League, not to mention a letter from the warden that would land any ambitious girl in one of the swellest homes in all South Bend.

Dud Hawley happens into the drawing room from the dance that Anne, the debutante daughter of the house. is putting over upstairs, Dud Hawley being made up to pretend that he's Arthur Coakley. Arthur is a mere lad with wavy hair and long lashes, but one sees that he is suffering. His fair young head droops and droops and he buries his face in his arms. Bravely the lad-he's not much more than a boy-fights to conceal the tremors that rack his very soul, but he fights a losing fight. For Arthur is stewed to the gills! That last drink upstairs

So they threw him out. the Christmas holidays-Hugh is a colleger-takes an active part in the fast exit of little Arthur, the ac-knowledged social souse. Then Hugh Beautiful Housemaid.

feautiful Housemaid.

That flash starts the plot. After this hines and stuff and there are a lot of things and stuff and Hugh makes a date with his father to meet him in the second act the next day in Judge (Jack Mason) Filson's office so that they can all go "to the it is now, so the programme doctor was in despair. says, "the following October," or al- Nothing could be done. Despond- other 8." There was a ring of pride most a year later.

ing this second act, and the act and could cheer him with thoughts of home other children epilogue that followed, would be and the sweetheart that was waiting "Ye clearer, doubtless, if the picture of for him in distant Lancashire. Ab- girls.

His Protrait

Orme Caldara, making pretend he's inne's brother Hugh, just home for turn's and gets a flash at Ellen the

and the proposal and the hours out between a show any save the second street on the collect field of a break in a string of passing automobiles which would permit one to dash across to the south side of porty-second street. So hasky decision was arrived at to stay on the first act as guests are foot to the first act as guests of porty-second street. So hasky decision was arrived at to stay on the first act as guests are foot to the first act as guests are fo

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The Sterling Piano Co.

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"Ibrahim, where is your home

"Two, effendim, boys. One 12 tha

"Ibrahim baba, haven't you any

Yeni-Shehir.

"And children?"

Yes.

"Are you married?"

"Yes, effendim, but the

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City Club for luncheon." Whether or not Hugh acquires some overnight physician. His wound, which at first souls shall be a sacrifice scruples about going to the City Club had not seemed so serious, became "Ibrahim, where is you the nurse, "'For our fatherland our he doesn't tell, but he's late for the worse; his cold wrenched him with luncheon date. The second act shows coughs day and night. The officers, Judge Filson's office, but when Hugh who had been so proud of their Engenters and meets his father and the lishman, were deeply concerned; the

ency, more fatal than cough or shrap- in the faint voice

friends in the scennier wards.

score of times. "I shall die, I shall "Don't be afraid," said the nurse

He looked at her repreachfully an place at best; and ward 22 was the answered one strong word, "Koo dreariest and dustiest of ail. The long meorum." (I'm not afraid.) dormitory was nearly empty, and the Presently he grew very uneasy, No waving shadows of trees outside position could bring relief.

floated quietly to and fro on the grimy came delirium; and through it all e floor, still damp from prayed for peace. Once he spoke its morning cleaning. For it was very woman's name. oright outside, and most of the men "He calls to his mother." whisper-

"Ulujem, ulujem," he repeated a

were in the courtyard or visiting the nurse. Beyond the screen the card play

and become noisy; the one eyed On one dirty bed a small group was derly tiptoed out and everything . bile" forbidden to soldiers lke all card games, but winked at in the hosnow; he seemed to sicen. Slower and slower and slower came the gusp Players and onlookers were breaths. Then suddenly the opened brightly and . . . We pulled the sheet over

and went away. The boy w. rose was still looking at it an ming dreamily. dealing for another game. Bed No. 27 too was occupied by some- grimy walls the shadows flo ternoon rays. In the courtward

BIG HAWSERS.

Greek liner Patris array and her captain reported the to be about three weeks.

In all that time only once had he heard the English language, when two means that a substitute officers had called upon him.

"He will die in a few minutes. The lines that parted were 45 water."

Turkish officers had called upon him.

line used. This consists of "No. He wants nothing. In a few wite strands rightly wound on

the one 6 inches in circumf-

AND UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE TERRIBLE

A side of Turkish character that is not well known in America that is, in fact, contrary to prevailing ideas of the terribleness of the Turk, is discovered for readers of THE SUNDAY SUN in this series of three vivid cravonlike sketches. They are by an American who has just returned from a long residence in Constantinople and is now connected with a great university of New England.

It appears that the advanced and dangerous positions on the Gallipoli peninsula were manned chiefly by Mohammedans; that in the early days anæsthetics were scarce in the hospitals of Constantinople: that, imbued with a passionate love of flowers, especially roses, men in acute agony consoled themselves with the scent of roses. It is something to imagine-the Turkish warrior making himself insensible to pain by the smell of a rose!

And what of the Turk, the unspeakable Turk, as he faces death and the screen is brought in to enclose him from his comrades? Does he humbly give the grasping priest his piasters? Does he call to his mother as a white man might? Well-he does tell the nurse, irritably, that he is not afraid. And the scent of a red rose still lingers in the hospital ward.

hay mattresses. The sheets were some- a carving in wood, but that changeless times washed. But poverty was only expression was one of hopeless resigtoo apparent on every hand. The nation and eternal, silent question of authorities did the best they could. authorities did the best they could. one of these shabby houses of pain was patient fellows, with great capacity to convert one to uncompromising for suffering, which they bore with

'glorious" at the hospital door; next happy for an hour.

I .- The Unspeakable Turk. men has become a matter of course. stantinople are not luxuriously sion never changed, whether the appointed. Many of them were patient had a finger wound or des bare, barnlike structures, with perate gangrene. He never winked dirty whitewashed walis and with putate a couple of fingers without crude double deck beds, without amesthetic-there were no anæsthetics springs of course, and with shapeless in the hospital then. The face seemed

The first effect of the first visit to The soldiers themselves were simple. After an hour among the true Turkish fortitude. One of their odors, hearing the groans and prayers most noticeable characteristics was of strong men in agony, in the midst their love of flowers, especially roses. of all that dint and pain and hopeless Men in acute agony while bad wounds wretchedness, one can never hear of were being dressed would console themthe "glory of war" without a shudder.
This sensation of live horror soon passes and presently the assess and presently the mangled men has become place. The sufferers have place. The sufferers have merely "cases," interesting or uninlory of war" without a shudder. selves by smelling a rose. Flowers merely "cases," interesting or unin- stitute a lady brought a bottle of third rare. teresting in proportion to the ghastli- rate eau de cologne, and sprinkling it

"glorious" at the hospital door; next happy for an hour.
It ceases to be startlingly horrible, and before one has realized it the consteps stream of more product than the interior of the interior of the poor man in a city a wife is a murmur at their Padishah's call, had

them and of their gardens and the | farm a wife is an asset. And when the | blood without expecting any other | Saxon face it was, fair and well fea-

a child, a small child to come and talk money quickly." lish farmhand, under the skin.

with much experience in the hardness. They were fighting under their phrase; for true to their faith, they front praising the Tui did not wish to seem to complain of sportsmanlike fighter.

a Turkish peasant the loss of an arm or a leg is as serious as the loss of his head. Some of them, I think, believed that a man carries into Paradise only as much of him as there is done day a really grand idea struck.

After a few weeks they were glad spear, filled them with elation.

There was another reason why we were welcome to see him. The poor toothbrush and books. A typical Britannian in spite of all they could do for ish soldier.

The largest of steel fowment. The boundard was recalled them with elation.

There was another reason why we were welcome to see him. The poor toothbrush and books. A typical Britannian in spite of all they could do for ish soldier.

The largest of steel fowment. The steamsh is treatment—the orderly was proud again when this was translated to him addition.

There was another reason why we bout three things he wanted, soap, a but one word was repeated in streatment—the orderly was proud displayed to him addition.

There was another reason why we bout three things he wanted to him addition.

There was another reason why we bout three things he wanted to him addition.

There was another reason why we were welcome to see him. The poor toothbrush and books. A typical Britannian three was another reason why we were welcome to see him. The poor toothbrush and books. A typical Britannian three was another reason why were welcome to see him. The poor toothbrush and books. A typical Britannian thre or a leg is as serious as the loss of enough to be discharged and seemed

or them and of their gardens and the lattil which and a large recompense than that which the contract the door and so de- head of the house has to spend a large recompense than that which the contract the contract that which the contract the contract that which the cont shiful were the descriptions that one part of his time in the army, as the sciousness of doing their duty could response to our greeting the eyes is hardly remember that the bear- Turk has had to do in recent years, bring, had actually been remembered opened, blue English eyes that brightiful home that they pictured was ac- it needs two women to keep the farm The sight of those suffering, ban- ened at the sound of the mother pital.

And, of course, they often space their children. A lady once asked a them home in the care of the village burly fellow who looked like a ruffian scribe. Brief letters, as a rule, "Please chologist—or anybody else. After all, burnan blood is fairly cheap, and gold fore he had left his Lancashire home red vose and singing to himself the to please him cigarettes, say. He Asiatic cuphemism). "Tell them I am is not the only metal for which men are and gone to Australia to make his thought a moment and then asked for slightly wounded and to send me some willing to barter it.

nome-so big, and it was many, many course. Many of the older men had nonths since he had seen them. After served through the Balkan war. Men all, there's not so much difference be- came into the hospital with scars from tween Ahmet Agha, the Turkish the Balkan war and the Tripolitan war peasant, and Tommy Atkins, the Eng- or the Yemen rebellion. Fighting was all in the day's work; and they spoke They were uncomplaining fellows, of the enemy without bitterness. of life. Pain they usually bore with- ders; the enemy was fighting under out a murmur; though when the his orders. There was no reason for agony was most intense the express getting "sore" about it. Indeed, I besion "mashallah" (praise God) was lieve that in the Gallipoli campaign THE Turkish hospitals in Conold Armenian physician. The expresquaint mixture of superstition and ion of the other. The English papers quaint mixture of superstition and ion of the other. The English papers onest, simple devotion hack of the have printed many letters from that front praising the Turk as a clean,

anything that Allah had sent them, them, for almost none could read, and sometimes we would encourage them after the wound was dressed there was that same tone in which a proud partial form of them after the wound was dressed there was that same tone in which a proud partial form of the proud partial form of the proof of the pro and to such assurance they would add, in a tone of reproach for our presumption, "If God wills." We always stood and black pables. and black pebbles. Or they would English prisoners were scarce in Turvisit their friends in other wards, key then, and the consciousness that sweetheart. Of operations they had a profound where sometimes the group would sit they actually had a real, live Engread. They were all farmers, and for and talk, and sometimes just sit. a Turkish peasant the loss of an arm After a few weeks they were glad

assembled at the demise; the prospect somebody in the Government; and that he was failing rapidly. of hobbling through eternity on one medals were cast. Every patient in ness of the wound. War ceased to be upon the pillows made a whole ward most of them were married, and to each. But that wasn't it. It was talking quietly,

daged men rendered more than obliv- tongue, heard for the first time in silent and intent, for the Turk takes tually a mud walled hut with a going.

thatched roof and a "naturai" floor.

And, of course, they often spoke of so they dictated their letters, sending their children. A lady once asked a them home in the care of the village siderable good for thought for psy-

Beylerbey, where, rumor says, the de- been wounded and captured. posed Sultan, Abdul Hamid, is ending his days. Near the palace are the pital which had been burned. He himbarracks of Beylerbey, now, of course, self had been borne out of the flames converted into a hospital. This place by the Turkish orderly just before the we were particularly anxious to visit, roof fell. After that he had been borne out of the flames screen was put around his bed, for the hospital and its ways were strange to as there was said to be an English

prisoner there. So thither we went

one afternoon with a cargo of cigarettes and roses. They met our request for permission to enter with the very remark we wanted, but which we had not "Don't you want to see our Eng-

ent invites a friend to inspect his firstborn. In fact the staff of that hospital was positively vain over its prize.

dise only as much of him as there is one day a really grand idea struck him, was so lonely and discouraged

"Here is the Englishman."

The wounded prisoner lay with his their prisoner. and before one has realized it the conand be

way. At the first call for King and country he had enlisted, had drilled thing that stirred uneasily and and fro; the motes danced in t a child, a small child to come and talk money quickly."
with him some time. He had four at To them war was a matter of the older men had porus stands the beautiful palace of two hours after coming on shore had

we were particularly anxious to visit. roof fell. After that he had been him. Perhaps he did not see it, his brought to Constantinople. He could be started unward so fixedly. not remember how long it was since eyes stared upward so fixedly.

> Turkish officers had called upon him to get the necessary data. The weariness of feverish days and aching nights he had endured dumbly, without one friend to cheer his misery with a word—the bitterest kind of loneliness, to—the bitterest kind of loneliness t suffer without companionship among asked. About his neck hung the identification tag and a locket with two pictures—his mother and his moments be will die."

the permission of the authorities the The soldiers were singing. It was the breaking strain of which is that their intrinsic value totalled upgypsics and blond Circassians. They
ward of one cent, or maybe 1½ cents
most of them were married, and to

that their intrinsic value totalled upsquatted in groups on the grimy beds,
his sojourn among them. Which does

to nam. The official financial frequency in the biggest haw
squatted in groups on the grimy beds,
his sojourn among them. Which does

of their hope. As we listened to the American liners Vaterland

life and its seamt pleasures seriously. On another bed a young man whose he could not raise above a whisper, lined face showed the recent agonies

not remember how long it was sub-be had been wounded, but supposed it again and again.

"He will die in a few minutes,"

The lines that parted were 4.

lishman, the captive of their bow and his treatment—the orderly was proud mumbled words were almost in- steamsh p lines for perman

Over on the Asiatic side of the Bos- the earliest landing parties and within sereen; the men glanced up from the A nurse came in with a large were singing again. game a moment. They understood. Then a player snapped down his card and the game resumed.
No. 27 did not understand why the

refrain of an Anatolian love song.

The one eyed orderly imped on his bawsers, which means that a -"Is there anything we can do?" I work a 3 inch steel hawser is

Then a paroxysm of pain seized upon giving a certain phability. He had no complaints to make of him and shook the wasted frame. His of hawser is also used by s

And of course he got them. With From the courtyard came a song. not mean that they were careless of a len verse our ewn pulses beat perator. For permanent their prisoner.

But in spite of it all the man failed the refrain. "Feda o'sun fanumiz."

hawsers besides smaller in